Volume XCIV No. 8 April 30, 1971 40 cents

commonweal

ST CHARLES SEM LIBRARY
CARTHAGENA STATION
CELINA OH 45822
A-68108 12-71

CALLEY

MYLAI IN THE AMERICAN CONSCIENCE

MICHAEL NOVAK

WES BARTHELMES

ST. CHARLES SEMINARY LIBRARY
APR 2 REC'D
CARTHAGENA STATION, CELINA, OHIO

NEW COUNTER-CULTS FROM THE EAST JACOB NEEDLEMAN **MR. BUCKLEY GOES TO WASHINGTON** CHARLES RABB **A SEXUAL REVOLUTION ANYONE?** DORIS GRUMBACH **THE GERM OF AN IDEA** COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR. **LUTHER & ERASMUS** JOHN RATTE **NIXON AGONISTES** WILSON CAREY McWILLIAMS **QUATTLEBAUM AND HIS TRUTH** EUGENE FONTINELL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWS & VIEWS

The Charge: Genocide

Historians aren't going to have to dig deep to find the charge of genocide laid to the U.S. for its policies in Vietnam. They'll need only open the *Congressional Record*—like that of April 6, 1971, page E 2862.

Dr. Robert Jay Lifton, professor of psychiatry at Yale, on the subject:

"I am willing to use the word genocide for what we're doing in Vietnam. I think it's an appropriate word. Because genocide means killing of whole population groups. It also involves moving and destroying the land, or, as a colleague of mine once used the term, ecocide. . . . Even though it's true that a sizable population still exists and lives in South Vietnam and North Vietnam too, I think the word genocide, given the extent to which things have gone, is not excessive . . . Incidentally, I'm willing to follow Jean Paul Sartre when he says that you create a situation that almost inevitably leads to genocide under certain conditions. These are: a country from an alien but highly developed technology, moving into the area of an alien country with a very low developed technology in a situation of revolution and counterinsurgency. Given that situation . . . some kind of genocide is very, very likely to result."

Not everyone agrees, of course. Neil Sheehan, for one, discounted the genocide charge in his widely noted *New York Times Book Review* survey of war-crimes literature.

"Genocide does not appear to be an accurate characterization of American conduct in Vietnam," Sheehan wrote parenthetically. "The story is more complicated and the facts do not support the charge. The population of the country has grown despite the war, from an estimated 15 million in 1962 to about 17 million."

With respect to the Lifton comments, they comprise a part of the Winter Soldier Investigation testimony gathered in Detroit last February [*Commonweal*, 3/5/71] and inserted in the *Congressional Record*, all 900 typewritten pages, by Senator Mark O. Hatfield of Oregon.

At $128 per page, the insertion cost some $40,000. But it wouldn't be cost which would discombobulate the establishment on this insertion. Rather, that the insertion was made by a Republican no less, and that it moved into the record by "unanimous consent." Must watch that in the future.

Patriot's Progress

John Wayne has gone about as far as he can go in his progression from Westerns to propaganda films for the Pentagon (*A Nation Builds Under Fire*); he's now in the repertoire of the John Birch Society.

The Birchers are distributors of a two-reel thing, *No Substitute for Victory*, for which Wayne provided the narration. It's a superhawk cry for the government to give the military the go-ahead to bang out a clear-cut military victory in Vietnam.

Co-starring with Wayne: retired Generals Mark Clark, Albert C. Wedemeyer and Paul Harkins. Supporting cast: Martha Raye, Lowell Thomas, some ex-GI's.

Wayne talks, as usual, as though international affairs were a neat, manageable 120-minute script; e.g.: "It should be obvious the predicament we are in is not the fault of the military. We should have stopped the Reds in Berlin. We should have kept them out of Cuba. We should have won the war in Korea. But we didn't. Let's not blame the men in uniform for our political mistakes. Maybe we should listen to them in time of war. This certainly is war. They say there is no substitute for victory."

But Wayne tops Wayne in an interview in the May *Playboy*:

"I believe in white supremacy until blacks are educated to a point of responsibility. I don't believe in giving authority and positions of leadership and judgment to irresponsible people."

What about Indians?

"I don't feel we did wrong in taking this great country away from them. There were great numbers of people who needed new land, and the Indians were selfishly trying to keep it for themselves."

'Sexoreligion'

It was inevitable, I suppose, that once the new morality had pushed beyond its social and psychological legitimizations to the most bizarre extremes, the next step would be for some one to canonize it as religious expression.

Precisely this appears to be happening at the moment.

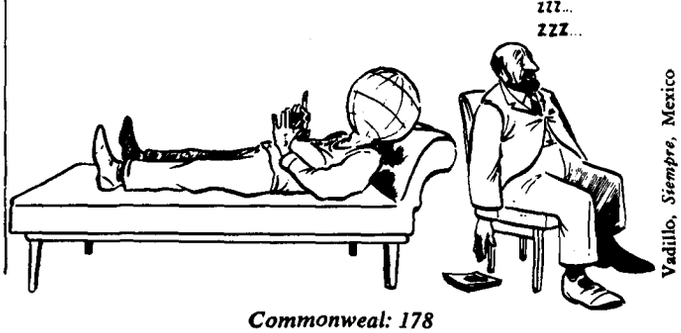
The May *Evergreen Review*, for one, features a piece proclaiming pornography "the established orthodoxy," and giving porno an ecclesial mode ("The High Church of Hardcore will have to be invaded by the sanctifying grace of art and truth . . .") and code (blue movies are "voyeuristic, masturbatory"; orgy, "communal").

A group in Greenwich Village, meanwhile, has carried theory to "liturgy" and is sponsoring ritualized orgies "to achieve sexoreligious results." The group functions under the unlikely name "catholic union mission."

It's all pretty nutty, but there it is.

Evidently all that groups such as catholic union mission ask by way of faith-testimonial for admission is ability to perform.

A strong stomach, however, is also recommended.



Vadillo, *Siempre*, Mexico

FBI's Figures

J. Edgar Hoover, in an article on the FBI for the 1970 *Encyclopedia Brittanica*, wrote that agents "must be graduates of an accredited law school . . .or must have graduated from an accredited four-year college with a major in accounting and have had three year's personal experience in that field."

Thomas E. Bishop, assistant FBI director in charge of the Crime Records Division, recently wrote *Los Angeles Times* staffers Jack Nelson and Ronald J. Ostrow (in reply to their written questions):

"As of June 30, 1970, 1,693 FBI special agents possessed law degrees, or 22.3 percent of a total of 7,599 special agents. Six hundred ninety-five special agents possessed accounting degrees, or 9.1 percent."

Which shows what happens when you don't check signals (to say nothing of figures) with the Chief.

Odds and Ends

— Richard Nixon, who received an embarrassing dressing down from the prosecuting attorney in the Calley case for his inappropriate interference there, gets another from the largest and oldest (291 years) gatherings of Quakers for calling himself a "deeply committed pacifist" (Sulzberger interview). The Philadelphia Yearly Meeting asked Mr. Nixon not to "distort" historic Quaker teaching on pacifism by identifying himself with it, adding: "If we are true to our faith, we can have no part in war." *Touché.* JOHN DEEDY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

McGovern-Chisholm?

Saxton's River, Vt.

To the Editors: The piece about Senator George McGovern by J. F. Richard [March 12] is gratifying. To long-time McGovern admirers it brings documentation of hunches; to readers unaware of what he stands for and what he has done about it, pause to sit up and take notice. The dream of electing a President of honor, responsibility and knowledge persists.

If this hope is to be pursued beyond dream we had better start thinking Vice President too, and select a representative American of decency, accomplishment and qualifications for highest office, thus, the Hon. Shirley Chisholm. A McGovern-Chisholm team could blow our minds in 1972 and carry breath of promise for 1980, if '76 and '80 are to be. MARJORIE MURPHY

Vatican I in Context

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

To the Editors: As one of the organizers of the Conference on Vatican I, referred to by Rev. Charles M. Murphy in a letter in your pages ["Celebrating Infallibility," 26 March 1971], I would agree that one aim characterizing the whole effort was to do justice to that much-maligned council in historical perspective. Another aim, however, was to turn a critical eye upon the dogmatic formulations of Vatican I with a view to seeing what could still be considered intellectually viable in them. Perhaps Father Murphy loses sight of this second aim in his justified enthusiasm over the brilliance of Professor George H. Williams' accomplishment on the first score. Williams himself did not claim that the formulation of papal infallibility pronounced by Vatican I could be accepted literally; his point was that it was to be appreciated in its context as a thrust against State totalitarianism, as Manning interpreted it; moreover, as an official church state-

(Continued on page 198)

NEWS & VIEWS: 178 **CORRESPONDENCE: 179**
EDITORIALS: 179
A SEXUAL REVOLUTION, WOULD YOU BELIEVE?: *Doris Grumbach* **180**
MR. BUCKLEY GOES TO WASHINGTON: *Charles Rabb* **181**
THE BATTLE HYMN OF LT. CALLEY—AND THE REPUBLIC: *Michael Novak* **183**
CRY, OUR BELOVED COUNTRY: *Wes Barthelmes* **186**
WINDS FROM THE EAST: *Jacob Needleman* **188**
THE SCREEN: *Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr.* **190**
BOOKS: 192
Cover I illustration: Religious News Service Photo

JAMES O'GARA: *Editor* JOHN DEEDY: *Managing Editor*
PETER STEINFELS: *Associate Editor* ANNE ROBERTSON: *Editorial Assistant*
PHILIP T. HARTUNG, COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.: *Movies* JOHN FANDEL: *Poetry*
EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Publisher* JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*
COMMONWEAL *A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts.*
Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.
Printed in the USA and published weekly,
except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and June to mid-September,
by Commonweal Publishing Co., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016
MUrray Hill 3-2042. *Copyright © 1971 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.*
US and Canada, $12 a year. Foreign $14. Single copies 40¢

HOMO FABER—WITH A VENGEANCE

It is a striking coincidence that in the same week when *Time* and *The Atlantic* published articles on disturbing new developments in genetic engineering, a science article in the Sunday *New York Times* should have been titled "A Triumph of Genetics Threatens Disaster." The connection may have been missed, for the *Times'* story was not about DNA, test-tube implantation of human eggs, or cloning; it was about corn blight, and the threatened destruction of a highly specialized corn which was considered a remarkable achievement of agricultural genetics, at least until an enemy fungus displayed a capacity to mutate into a form disastrous to the new hybrid. From corn blight to human genetics there is no easy jump—even if a letter in the same paper arguing the necessity of abortion for population control speaks of the "global baby crop"—except the recogition that what begins a triumph may end as tragedy and that the errors and risks which may be justified in breeding corn are another matter altogether in the case of man.

The literature on the "biological revolution" which promises, or threatens, to put man in control of the most fundamental life processes, has long varied from Sunday supplement wide-eyed accounts of future marvels to the most serious and cautious reflections. Whether one is optimistic or pessimistic about these developments, their resemblance to science fiction has often made it difficult in the past to have one's concern be taken seriously. The new attention the subject is getting may change that. *Time* concludes its cover story with three pages on "the ethical dilemmas posed by molecular biology." James D. Watson, Nobel Prize winner for his part in discovering the double helix structure of DNA, warns of a forthcoming "frenetic rush to do experimental manipulation with human eggs once they have become a readily available commodity." And Watson argues that "Thus, if the matter proceeds in its current nondirected fashion, a human being born of clonal reproduction [an asexually reproduced carbon copy of an existing human being] most likely will appear on the earth within the next twenty to fifty years." Watson thinks the matter cannot be left to the scientific and medical communities; he fears the "laissez-faire nonsense" that such developments are inevitable and inevitably for the better, and he even speculates on the need for international regulation of *in vitro* human embryo experimentation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cloning is only a rather spectacular example of the kind of problem to be faced, easily illustrated with images of endless Raquel Welches or Richard Nixons. But already procedures like amniocentasis, making possible the prenatal diagnosis of genetic traits and opening the option of abortion in case of serious deformations, can be employed not only to avoid (that is, abort) the defective child but also to select the desired one.

There is no merit in a "scare approach" to an area of research that promises a basic knowledge of life which may lead, for example, to a cure for cancer, as well as to the more distressing powers which have as many scientists as laymen profoundly worried. But there is good reason for looking ahead. In how many instances have those with a particular responsibility for moral teaching entered an area when the basic options were already largely decided? A good number of theologians, concerned scientists, and philosophers seem determined not to let that happen again; yet recent experiences in the field of international politics and in the closely related field of abortion legislation suggest that there is a considerable gap between even the best thought on a moral problem and an effective impact on public policy.

Two of the factors which created such a gap can be considered at once. One is the diversity of moral opinion which is almost certain to exist on virtually any major problem. Lawmakers, or simply public opinion, faced with a cacophony of opinions, are simply tempted to let all the "moralists" cancel one another out, and turn with relief to the "practical men," those who are closest to the problem (such as doctors or women's groups in the case of abortion) or those who have lobbying muscle which can be weighed more readily than the conflicting theories of ethics. There is no ready solution to a problem like this, which arises from the fundamental pluralist nature of our society—except, perhaps, that ethical spokesmen be aware of it and realize the necessity, whenever possible, of minimal agreement and concerted action.

The second factor is the credibility of the individuals and institutions which hope to have some influence on the new and possible strange destiny of *homo faber*. When President Nixon speaks of halting abortions because of his "reverence for life," it would be much better if that reverence were more manifest in other parts of his national policy. If the churches, and naturally we speak especially of the Catholic church, hope to preserve a reverence for life, they will have to show themselves willing to risk their own resources for the cause. The response of the Catholic church on the question of abortion may, in this instance, prove crucial.

None of this is meant to neglect the serious intellectual questions to which moral thinkers are even now making important contributions in this new area. But if there is one thing that recent years should have taught us, it is that a moral reponse is lived, or it is not at all.

A Sexual Revolution, Would You Believe?

Graymoor, at Garrison, New York, is quite a place. Originally a seminary for the training of Franciscan Friars of the Atonement, it is now a retreat house as well as an ecumenical center for the entertainment, in the Greek sense of the word, of all kinds of ideas on cultural and religious developments in the modern world. Last November the Friars hosted a session on women in the church (*Commonweal,* December 11, 1970); in May, Brother David Steindl-rast and Martin Marty will be there for a meeting on "The Search for God Today." Most recently, the end of March saw a daring kind of gathering, in the pleasant, well-appointed building overlooking the Hudson River, on "The Sexual Revolution and the Church."

Perhaps it was because 54 of the almost 80 persons attending were clergymen and religious (6 more were Atonement novices). Perhaps it was because almost everyone there was over 30—the precipitously dangerous age so far as the young are concerned—and quite a number of *them* over 40. Whatever the reason, the meeting had a laboratory-manual, hothouse air, as if the delicate subject was being examined, like a specimen of some exotic tropical disease, by those eager to look at it and categorize it, but not, *surely*, contract it.

There were banners hung in the main meeting room (called, ironically, the Martin Luther King Room although there were no black faces in it during those two days) which advised the participants that "Love is Letting Go." If one is to believe what one heard at Graymoor, the sexual revolution is one which exists mainly in the consciousness of the mature and the aging, a violent disturbance to their firmly formed consciences, a letting-go of their prized set of vices and virtues. Since there were none of the very young there, the group presumably to whom the revolution has happened, there were no testimonials about what the quality of life is now for them. It all became an academic matter to be dealt with by those involved only peripherally. They were there, they revealed in their questions to the speakers, and in the dialogue that followed each speaker, because they were counseling young people and felt inadequate to the task or wanted to know more about "where they're at," or because, as religious or clergy, they felt a necessity to "understand," or as parents, because they wanted to have their personal biases reaffirmed and their dim views of the young shored up.

Three speakers led the pack in varied, hot pursuit of some widely disparate truths about sex, family and marriage. Mary Perkins Ryan, who has raised five sons, written a number of significant books and is a sensitive

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and sympathetic witness to the sexual phenomena of our time, and the established church's difficulties with them, began by suggesting the inadequacy of most parents' own sexual ethic, a fact their children recognize and react against. She sees the sexual revolution as "an advance in attitudes and ethics," the forging of a new sex ethic because the old one does not deserve to survive in its entirety.

If Mrs. Ryan raised doubts about the survival of the traditional sexual ethic, there was even greater doubt in Peter Steinfels' remarks about the survival of the family, always the corollary in all discussions of serious concern about sex these days. Steinfels regards the family as threatened partly because every social institution is now threatened, and partly because the family "as we know it" does not deserve to survive. Starting from Margaret Mead's classic definition of the contemporary American family, he sees this nuclear family as threatened, both by the mobility and utilitarian attitudes of our super-industrialism which broke down all traditional ties, "removing from the family its economic and productive functions," and by the biological revolution "which threatens to remove even the reproductive functions from the family," thus upsetting the present patterns of family life.

But it is not all hopeless. The family, Steinfels felt, will last a while longer if only because of human inertia, and the stake our economic system has in it. But the case against its deserts is strong: it is too heavily child-oriented (Philip Slater's argument against the family); it is too strongly inbound, "little islands of propriety" (Dreiser's phrase but Richard Sennet's point); and it is (contradictory to Slater but psychologist Urie Bronfenbrenner's point) too prone to segregate its children, thus denying them involvement with the adult world. The closed-in family, constricting its women and separating its children from it, seems doomed. Steinfels concluded his prophetic "the family is dead" with a more palatable "long live the family," a sentiment acceptable to the middle-aged discussants not up to considering the abandonment of their present life-styles.

The final meeting, during which Kimball Jones of Union Theological Seminary discussed "counseling in a sexually neurotic culture," profoundly disturbed the by-now defensive participants. Jones' thinking was partial to the young whom he saw as struggling for their own sexual identity in families which deny it to them to find it themselves. They are puzzled at the hypocrisy they see existing between professed and the practiced sexual values of the older generation. The problem for their development is inadequate sexual models of their own sex and lack of warmth and understanding at home, the absence of what Eric Erickson has called "basic trust." The result is their rejection of conventional morality because, distrusting it, the young find it impossible to achieve any sense of sexual identity within it.

If a fifty-year old spectator is in any position to make this judgment, Jones came closest to reflecting the real dilemmas of the young. The audience raised troubled questions to him about homosexuality, "trial" marriages, post-marital sex, Biblical morality, "Christian" thinking. Jones did his best to move them back into pragmatic areas of counseling, i.e., the clergyman's tendency to relinquish "his role as one who understands, the one who cares, in favor of the role of one who dispenses moral judgments."

So, the "letting-go" wall hangings notwithstanding, some, indeed *most* of the mature persons present who had come, one suspected, to cluck disconsolately and to hear a few encouraging predictions about "when this will all be over" (as one well-dressed, sad-faced lady said to me in the elevator) are not ready to let go. Educated in the hard facts of the sexual revolution (to some small extent), able to articulate them to a surprising extent, they still find it difficult to apply Graymoor's slogan ("That All May be One") to themselves and the youth culture. DORIS GRUMBACH

(Doris Grumbach, author and essayist, teaches English at the College of St. Rose in Albany, N.Y.)

Mr. Buckley Goes To Washington

The first time that Sen. James L. Buckley (Con., Rep.-N.Y.) visited his Senate office after his election last November reporters found him playing with the buttons on his telephone, completely taken with the newness of his job. And for his first two months in office, Buckley, the most intriguing of the new Senators as the New York Conservative Party's *wunderkind* elected from supposedly the most liberal constituency in the nation, was a novelty to newsmen.

He consciously shunned the attention that virtually all Senators crave. He passed up numerous requests to appear before the TV cameras as the freshest voice raised in support of the Nixon Administration's Indochina policy. He turned down the many requests for national news interviews and put off almost all of the 2,000 requests for speaking engagements that have come showering in to his office since his election. But on March 23 Buckley shed his calculated "low profile" and chipped his ecological credentials as he became another carefully orchestrated Administration vote for the supersonic transport.

On the eve of the Senate's vote to cut off federal financing for the SST, the man who came into office saying he wanted to make the environment his specialty, read to a news conference a statement prepared prior

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to his 15-minute meeting with President Nixon at the White House. In it he said: "While it is clear that the proponents of the SST have yet to sustain the burden of proving that the commercial utilization of the aircraft would not adversely affect the environment, it appears equally clear that the evidence required to make a definitive judgment cannot be marshaled until the prototypes have been built and the necessary data gathered under actual operating conditions."

And this from a Senator who throughout his campaign and in his short stay on Capitol Hill had straddled the issue by saying that the burden of proof that the SST would not harm the environment was on SST proponents.

"I want to make the environment my specialty," he told a *Newsday* reporter in his first interview after his election in New York's three-way Senate race last November. And in that same interview he recalled: "From the earliest day I know, I've gone around looking at birds. At one point I thought of becoming a professional ornithologist. Through the years, I've read the literature that comes out. I guess I belong to 83 different organizations—the Wilderness Society . . . Audubon. I worked one summer as a kid in the Museum of Natural History. I've been on a couple of Arctic expeditions . . ."

The Voting Record

But that was before the White House, which put the stamp of legitimacy on his Conservative Party candidacy by disowning Republican Sen. Charles E. Goodell last fall, came calling for his vote. And so some of the luster rubbed off the soft-spoken crew-cut Senator who in three months in office has compiled a voting record that would be the envy of a Strom Thurmond.

Buckley voted against all four procedural attempts to make it easier to impose the Senate's difficult rule for shutting off filibusters. He voted against extending the Appalachia Development program although it was the last New York Senator elected to that same seat, Robert F. Kennedy, who succeeded in getting economically depressed southern tier New York State counties in the program. He was one of only 10 Senators to vote against a previously-vetoed bill to create public service jobs designed to put 150,000 of the unemployed to work immediately. He missed a Senate vote for the 10% Social Security boost (even Washington government-haters like Thurmond will stick around to cast a vote for elderly South Carolinians) and he almost wound up being the only Senator to vote against the proposed constitutional amendment to permit 18-year-olds to vote in state and local elections.

The last gaffe came at a March 10 morning press conference in which he said he planned to vote against the amendment later that day because he felt the federal government already had intervened too much in state and local elections. Scarcely less than two hours later, his press secretary tried to retrieve the blooper and said the Senator regarded his press conference answer as "unfortunate" but made it without having all the facts because he did not want to appear to be ducking the issues.

The Supreme Court on Dec. 21 upheld lowering the voting age to 18 in federal elections but ruled that Congress was without power to reduce the voting age in state and local elections. Thus, the issue was not whether Congress should let 18-year-olds vote, but whether the states should be spared the burden and expense of setting up dual voting systems for those over 21 and those under 21 for the 1972 elections. It's well that Buckley switched, because he would have been pretty lonely that afternoon as the Senate approved the amendment, 94-0.

A reporter who had been watching closely Buckley's Senate activities in the first two months told the Senator that his news conference comment and later switch left newsmen with the impression that he was bored with the mundane concerns of legislation.

"I think it's a fair comment on that particular occasion," Buckley conceded in an interview. He said if he had been aware at the time that only eight states could make the adjustment in time for the 1972 elections then he would have reacted differently.

So some of the bloom may be off the conservative rose in the well-covered world of the Senate where his activities or lack of them come under close scrutiny. Nevertheless, Buckley the ideologue is still regarded as the fresh voice of the new conservatism and a strong draw on the fund-raising circuit. He already has spoken in Philadelphia at a $250-a-plate dinner to wipe out campaign debts for Senate Republican Leader Hugh Scott (Pa.). He was booked as the main speaker in appearances for the Texas Republican organization, the Arizona Republican organization, Rep. Barry Goldwater Jr. (R-Calif.) and Nebraska's two Republican Sens. Roman L. Hruska and Carl T. Curtis.

The basic speech, first delivered at the Conservative Awards Dinner and called "The Authentic New Politics," goes in part something like this: ". . . Americans are showing a new predisposition to listen to the conservative analysis and a new willingness to become directly involved in the political process. This is a willingness borne of a sense of urgency, and founded on the continuing faith in the essential soundness of the American system. This is the authentic 'new politics' which I had in mind when I proclaimed myself the voice of that politics . . ."

They loved it in Philadelphia. It is a fresh line for Houston, Phoenix, Los Angeles and Omaha. But the Senate is a tougher jury, and they are still out.

CHARLES RABB

(Charles Rabb is a reporter for the National Journal.*)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BATTLE HYMN OF LT. CALLEY... AND THE REPUBLIC

MICHAEL NOVAK

The paroxysm of support for Lieutenant William Calley, convicted of murder on twenty-two counts, may have been a turning-point in the American experience. Symbolic representations arising out of collective experiences of frenzy or massive risk like the French Revolution, Durkheim noted, give enduring shape to the affective and intentional life of societies. Few crises America has undergone compare with the Vietnam war, and the trial of Calley sums up poignantly the dilemmas of that war. America for a long time will have to deal with Calley.

The support for Calley will, perhaps, pass swiftly. Gradually, Americans will face the fact that Calley did gun down infants; that he did not "shoot first" and "ask questions later" (as Mayor Daley has grossly alleged). Calley shepherded living human beings, harmless and disarmed and vulnerable, until he made occasion to "waste" them: study the pictures and notice the ages of the babies. Not all Americans in Vietnam would have done that; his jurors, five of them veterans of Vietnam, did not at first believe *any* American would have done that.

Those who so vigorously supported Calley—George Wallace among them—are now committed to a mass murderer. They will find that position increasingly intolerable as fact after fact about his and other atrocities comes out. For Americans can feel sympathy for Calley's predicament but they cannot—without reversing their whole historic image of themselves—approve what he did.

Courage is required of us, therefore. We must call things by their names. Calley is convicted of a mass murder. Calley did not have to follow orders. Calley did not even have to enter the army, or remain there as he saw the war develop. Many other young Americans, no older or more educated than he, saw the truth and refused to serve; or did what they could to minimize the brutality and terror of that war. If we are "all guilty," then no one is guilty—and then there is no such quality as responsibility or freedom at all. And if the way we fought the war—we, the United States, as a political-military "system"—made Calley's conduct plausible, "no big deal," then we have no moral superiority over the enemy.

What is so symbolically important about Calley's case, in fact, is that the people of the United States have since the Indian wars been accustomed to seeing and to imagining only the atrocities committed by our enemies. In "Rusty," we see a vulnerable, respectful, normal-looking boy *of our own* murdering women and children. Now other veterans are leaping up to admit how in past wars they, too, murdered and brutalized civilians. The moment Americans comprehend the savagery and evil in their own national life, they will have gained a new self-image. Until now, we have had no way of confessing to national guilt, or evil, or even defeat. (How many evil dreams veterans must have suffered!) Only boosters could make themselves understood. The public wished to hear no evil about themselves (not of this sort, anyway). We have been a Pelagian, not a Christian nation; an adolescent, not a mature nation.

The support for Calley is localized in the most hawkish parts of the country. Those parts happen to coincide also with the Bible Belt, and with large Catholic populations. Theologically, neither Billy Graham and his fellow fundamentalists, nor the American Catholic bishops,

MICHAEL NOVAK *is the author of several books, most recently,* Politics: Realism & Imagination.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have been able to come to grips with the evils in the hearts of their own constituents. They tend to project all evils outward upon the more modern, secular and less biblical parts of the United States. They have bound together patriotism and affirmative Christianity: Calley is one of their own. Let them now wrestle with the accumulating weight of atrocity, perpetrated by boys carrying miniature bibles and wearing religious medals around their necks: "There are no atheists in foxholes."

The question is whether preachers like Billy Graham and the Catholic bishops can bring their own constituencies to contrition, and stop blaming others only. Symbolically, a great load would be lifted from the shoulders of their constituencies if Americans were free, at last, to admit that we are like other men. The pretense of moral superiority, which Americans feel obliged to keep up ("We are a good people, a generous people"), is a heavy falsehood. No evil perpetrated by other men is beyond us. We need God's forgiveness, not a patriotic pretense erected by ourselves.

The Calley verdict, then, has the potential to "shatter" the American ego; to break down our moral complacence; and to liberate us from falsehood. How clean it would be to admit to ourselves what secretly we know we are really like, but publicly cannot admit.

The Differences

There is a difference here between hawks and doves, conservatives and liberals. Conservatives talk a great deal about the evils in men's hearts, the moral jungle, original sin, the harsh facts of life, the fact that war is and always has been hell, that human life is much more corrupt and brutal than liberals will admit. But they say all these things *in general,* in order, it seems, to dismiss them from mind. Conservatives do not like to see these basic facts of life dramatized, talked about too much, stressed. "I come here not to talk about what is wrong with America, but about what is right with America." "Why must our modern artists descend into the sewers? Why can't they give us a vision to inspire us?" "Some people are always knocking America. But you know and I know that America is the most democratic, most civilized, most moral . . ."

Liberals, on the other hand, talk often about the goodness in humans, their potential, how much better the world could be if only . . . Yet liberals do not scruple to expose corruption, to muckrake, to suspect the worst in men, to explore the ambiguities and horrors of the unconscious, to applaud the theater of the absurd, to suspect that governments are lying, to find it necessary to discern evils in the concrete and to dissent from them.

Thus hawks, too, are willing to concede in advance that the war in Vietnam is brutal and terrible, and that atrocities happen every day. As Lieutenant Calley put it: Mylai was "no big deal." Because they admit these evils in general, hawks are not anxious to describe them and to assimilate them internally in specifics. They expose themselves to a vague sense of complicity and they shrug. "Life is brutal."

Doves tend to believe that men are free, responsible and good until corrupted. They have, therefore, a very sharp eye for specific sources of corruption. They believe that if the people learn about corruption, they will reject it. Consequently, they expend a great deal of their energy dealing with the specifics of brutality and evil. Facing the realities of daily warfare in Vietnam, they reject it. Whereas the hawks, saying very little about the specifics, accept the general indictment unmoved.

The Calley case is significant because it commits large segments of the conservative and hawkish population to specifics. They are not, now, supporting the flag, or the nation, or even the war, but a convicted murderer: a good boy, white, just like their own sons. (Imagine if Calley had been black. Would Athens, Georgia, have rallied to his defense? Would Wallace and Maddox have visited him? Would the VFW of Texas have leapt to his support?)

There are populist strains in the Calley case, too. Supposedly, George Wallace and others wish to picture Calley as another "little guy," caught in the gears of a bureaucracy and federal establishment. But do the conservatives truly want war crimes trials for the generals, too? Will they support investigations which bring William Westmoreland, Lyndon Johnson, McGeorge Bundy, Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger under indictment? One day, America is going to have to do that. Perhaps only posthumously. But it will be done. And what will happen then to the conservative, hawkish trust in authority, to uncritical patriotism, to "my country right or wrong"?

The sleeper in the Calley case is the link between populism and the lesson learned in the Hitler period. It is not enough for a Christian or any moral man merely to be patriotic, or obey orders, or give his conscience over to a bureaucracy. Each man must reflect, choose and pay the consequences. Populism in this case might carry large numbers of "little people" into a tradition of personal responsibility and dissent. Not a few in the South, traditional breeding ground of professional soldiers, have said in recent days that they would now prefer their sons to be draft-dodgers and deserters rather than fall into Lieutenant Calley's shoes. . . . Yes, that's the moral point. That's what the brave young men in the Resistance and among the deserters were trying to say all along. History is already vindicating them.

But the doves have been avoiding a crucial admission, too. Those who speak for peace in Vietnam have not sufficiently recognized that it was Ho Chi Minh and General Giap who devised the rules for "people's warfare." The point of such rules is to make certain that there are no "innocents." Every civilian is regarded as an instru-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment of revolution against imperialism. "Total war" is a North Vietnamese concept.

The dilemma in Vietnam has always been whether the United States would change the rules of that war, or accept the North Vietnamese rules. Events show that we were all too willing to engage in "total warfare." The Viet Cong and North Vietnamese could employ political weapons: a century-old desire for national independence and social revolution, hatred for foreigners, age-old regional grievances, and the like. The weapon chosen by the Americans was massive, high speed, remote technology. For domestic political reasons, U.S. leadership was obliged to "save American lives." A curtain of fire, unprecedented in human warfare, was thrown up around our boys wherever they moved, killing and destroying and "wasting" everything that barred its way.

American strategy in Vietnam was established in 1965 on the basis of "attrition," "body count," and open warfare upon the Viet Cong "infra-structure"—that is to say, upon the Vietnamese civilian population among whom the Viet Cong "swim like fish." The Viet Cong baited Americans into "total war." We dropped our moral scruples and met their totalistic strategy with a totalistic strategy of our own: free-fire zones, massive relocation of populations, search and destroy, defoliation, torture of prisoners, assassination squads, unprecedented aerial bombardment and a gruesome technology of delayed-action bombs, shrapnel bombs, flame bombs and high concussion bombs. The moral deficiencies of this strategy have finally broken our spirit. "Get out" is the almost universal desire.

The short-range impact of the Calley trial, therefore, is to have made Vietnam a great issue again: the emotion of agony was palpable everywhere during the week of the decision. Ironically, the decision seems to be crystallizing both hawks and doves in revulsion against the war. For years George Wallace has been saying, "Win or get out." Now two representatives from Georgia, then five Republican representatives heretofore for the war, have publicly announced that America must "get out." A respected English journalist reports that the American army is so close to mutiny in Vietnam that "disintegration" is not too extravagant a word for what will shortly follow any further shocks like the Calley trial. How can men follow orders which may result in their getting killed or, perhaps, tried later for murder?

President Nixon, too, has injured himself. As in the Manson case, he has once more made political use of a murder trial. In a few months, he will have to reopen the wound with a public decision. If he pardons Calley, then it becomes plain that in the U.S. Army "anything goes," and career soldiers will forever be tarred with the brush of brutality. If he lets the conviction stand, he will have added the weight of his office against atrocities. (The sentence must be proportionately severe.) But then, if Calley remains guilty as convicted, the issue of guilt will be raised about President Nixon and others.

And that is where the larger symbolic reality lies. Has America the courage to assess its own collective guilt, in its officials and in the character of us all? The Army, in its statement of April 2, seemed to be defending its "moral" and "legal" obligation to judge Calley—that very Army which itself devised and executed the strategy of which Calley was only a small tactical part. Calley based his appeal for clemency on his own zeal "for saving American lives"—President Nixon's own favorite moral(?) principle. Nixon's strategy for ending the war consists in bombing the countryside and thus "wasting" Indochinese civilians in great number. Conservatively, 500 civilians and 50 Americans die each week. By this ratio, 102 dead civilians at Mylai for, let us say, 10 Americans killed in the area is as heinous as the kind of air war ordered by the President.

The war in Indochina has not been "just another war." Long ago, war was hell. Modern war is worse than hell. Hell is merely the suffering of victims but modern war encourages the commission of massive acts of horror by the victors as well. Victims and victors are locked in a cauldron of evil, an embrace of immorality. We were not so aware of this point in World War I or World War II because we seemed to be fighting not only for our survival but for the survival of morality itself.

Most of the civilian populations upon whom American troops waged acts of war in 1941-45 were genuinely our friends and welcomed "liberation." The bombing of civilian populations in Germany and Japan took place in circumstances which tended to obscure for nearly everyone the dreadful moral violations involved. Those populations had contributed to massive wrongs elsewhere. Industrial centers were an integral part of residential centers. The barbarism of modern technology (much of it developed as the war progressed) grew more quickly than the moral imagination called upon to grasp it and to judge it. The euphoria of sudden victory blunted moral self-judgment.

In Vietnam, the six years between 1965 and 1971 have thrown what we did during 1941-45 in a harsher light. Circumstances have changed. The bombed population now is not industrial but rural; not technological but rooted to the land; not numerous but small; not a threat to our own nation or our way of life or human morality. The Indochinese war has degenerated into a test of will, naked will. Who will be punished most, and who will quit first?

The Calley trial may lead a great many Americans to imagine for the first time what it would be like to be defenseless to attacks by air, to be forced by foreign soldiers to leave their homes, to see their tobacco and wheat and corn and cotton fields seasonally defoliated, to have their wives and children and grandparents shot for any frightened movement. What only began to come out in the Calley trial, but will in the future become as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clear as a cornstalk under a Kansas sky, is that what Calley did was not untypical. It was "no big deal." It was part of a strategy of "attrition" and "body count."

The V. C. and North Vietnamese invited "total war." I visited hamlets near Mylai in August 1967, seven months before the massacre. The morning I arrived, Viet Cong from "Pinkville" mortared a Vietnamese navy base. They zeroed in on the wives' and children's quarters and then, when the agonized ARVN rushed from their posts to help their families, overran the base killing everyone they could. They massacred the inhabitants of another nearby hamlet a week later. Meanwhile, the Americans had assigned seventy percent of the province as a "free-fire zone." In every direction, fires burned in hamlets. One out of every four families in the Province had been forcibly removed to refugee camps. The American Senior Adviser had no scruples, in his speech at least, about wiping out people who made the mistake of choosing the wrong side. Our terrorism, our brutality: we were in a quicksand set for us by the V.C. We embraced their rules.

No doubt the American people did not want to know exactly what we were doing in Vietnam. No doubt Presidents Johnson and Nixon wanted to win the war, and General Westmoreland obeyed his mandate to destroy the V.C. while losing as few American lives as possible and not going into North Vietnam. No doubt soldiers in the field, who saw many buddies bleed their lives away on inhospitable soil but who seldom if ever saw a living enemy soldier, learned all too well the rules of "people's warfare." Moral judgment in the concrete situation remains a bucket of worms.

It was theologically most significant that Lieutenant Calley received a long, thorough trial; that his jury gave every appearance of high seriousness and moral purpose; that the government did not shrink from allowing a verdict so potentially damaging—and so contagious. A great moment in American history was reached. For each man is, in fact, responsible for his own actions. A man cannot hide behind "extenuating circumstances." It is bad faith and dishonesty to claim, "I didn't want to do it, but I had to." One could always prefer jail or death. Freedom remains intact. The Calley trial was a vindication of belief in individual conscience and individual freedom to oppose the system.

No one wishes to see yet one more man die because of Vietnam, or even rot in prison. But the verdict of guilty, if just and sustained, is good for all our souls. It exalts our freedom.

Still, obedience to authority is a principle stoutly inculcated in the Bible Belt and among American Catholics. Respect for one's elders and betters remains, in the South at least, a way of life. "Situation ethics" and "permissiveness" have heretofore been symbolically unacceptable. Now the supporters of Calley urge us to take account of all the circumstances in which Calley pulled the trigger 22 times. And they tell us that he *had* to obey orders, at any cost. Yet they freely blame authorities for putting him in those circumstances, and they dissent from the due process of law through which he was convicted.

The Calley case reveals the contradictions in the American psyche at the very moment in our national history when we desperately require a sense of America's capacity for evil; a breaking of our pride and tribalism; the humility in which to accept defeat; the contrition according to which we unflinchingly accept the truth about ourselves, ask the mercy of God, and hope for the compassion of other men. We are, after all, like all men everywhere and in all times. It will not hurt us to accept that truth, at last.

The battle hymn of Lieutenant Calley may turn out to be exactly the battle hymn the Republic most needs at this moment: redemption wrested from the limp bodies of children and women in a godforsaken ditch.

MYLAI AND THE NATIONAL CONSCIENCE—II

CRY, OUR BELOVED COUNTRY

WES BARTHELMES

The Calley and Manson sentencings were pronounced within a day of each other. Life imprisonment imposed upon William Calley, failed civilian turned lieutenant of infantry for a demented war—the sixtieth American soldier to be convicted of murdering Vietnamese civilians. A sentence of death imposed upon Charles Manson, late-period Haight-Ashbury choreographer of the murders of seven Hollywood high-livers. Nightmarish episodes for these troubled times. Yet each is profoundly, even perversely, misunderstood by the American public.

A theme of extraordinarily grisly violence links the two—terrorizing and abusing a selected group of human beings and, afterward, killing them. Calley's misdeed, twenty-two murders financed from the public treasury, occurred in an Asian land we are systematically destroying under color of blind anti-Communism, arrogant idealism and Occidental face-saving. A Mailer is its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

logical chronicler. Manson's misdeed, an affair of private enterprise, a Sade-ist affair of drugs and sexism, occurred here at home in California whose most notable product is fantasy on film. This affair awaits its Rimbaud.

The reaction of the American public to Calley and Manson markedly differs and illustrates the Janus-head of our American nature. Had Manson, for example, directed his debaucheries from Soho or the Left Bank, the Olduvai Gorge of national character would have been rifled for explanations. Not in America, however. Although newspaper reportage was torrential, there occurred no serious discussion of the character of our nation-hood that is congenial to "In Cold Blood" acts, Leopold and Loeb, The Boston Strangler, Manson and his three groupie assassins. Is it the American insistence on limitless expectations and demands? Or, perhaps, a logical product of a doctrine of unrestrained acquisitiveness? Children permitted to grow up like weeds in an untended garden? Instead of an exploration of our darker impulses, we were assured the Manson affair was an aberration, as if the barbarian Centaurs had invaded the peaceable Temple of Apollo. The Manson affair was piously condemned by pill-popping Americans who condemned Manson (not present at the killings) and then turned about and praised Calley (present to fire the shots that "wasted the 22 Gook lives"). Americans chose not to acknowledge that the California murders were committed by the girls next-door under the direction of the high-school valedictorian. Despite the erotic embellishments, these murders simply represented another outbreak of apple-pie American violence.

The predominant American reaction to the Calley slayings is also morally askew. When France underwent her shattering *crise* in Algeria, the episode received reasoned and historical explanations; for example, the role of the French Army as a traditional bone in the throat of Gallic republicanism—Napoleon, Dreyfus, Jaures.

But, as in the case of Manson, Americans recoiled in refusal to face themselves in the Calley affair. It is as if, living in our disposable culture, we also have disposed ourselves of our history. There are antecedents for Calley at Mylai— the excesses of our expansionist war against Mexico, the defenseless Indian women and children slain at Wounded Knee, the savaging of the Philippines, the holocausts of Dresden and Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Each niche in our Pantheon of Violence gains an occupant as we Americans assume we are not fashioned from the same fallible human clay as the rest of the world's peoples. American Man, armed with a rampaging idealism that justifies any means, can do no wrong—that is a primary conceit of the American Empire.

DeGaulle, albeit by deceit, purged France of her military insurrectionists—a French High-Noon *actualité* performed with courage and daring. America has no DeGaulle, willing to be the instrument to purge the military of its gangsters in uniform. America has only the martinet Westmoreland and Richard Nixon, the Emperor-President, the self-styled law-and-order candidate of 1968 characteristically seeking gross political advantage from the failings and weaknesses of America. Nixon hints he will reduce—perhaps even set aside—the life sentence given Calley. Perhaps Martha Mitchell will escort Calley in triumph from the stockade. Here in America there is only a spoiled people's sentimentalism crying for release from the judgment rendered upon them as well as upon Calley. Blacks from the pit of their despairing poverty cry out: "Free Bobby Seale!" Whites, disturbed amid their heartless affluence, cry out: "Free Calley!" The contrasting cries point to a moral we prefer to leave unexplained. A Congressman from Florida proposes that Calley address a joint session of Congress. With only ABC, the Nixon Administration's favorite network, permitted to televise the grand occasion? Calley himself testified as to the murderous assault he helped lead into Mylai: "It was no big deal, sir." Predictably, American compulsive competitiveness asserted itself when greying war veterans, rushing to share in Calley's fame, bragged to reporters about the number of civilians they had killed in their war. Few politicians dare to refute the people's view. No one among the Army's senior officer corps rises to deny the road from West Point need lead to Mylai. No contemporary Antigone insists that a decent respect be given the American conscience, left sprawled in the bloodied drainage ditches in the Mylais of Indochina where Calley labored so diligently on behalf of his appreciative countrymen. ("Fourthly, it is enjoined that they should use moderation in pursuing the advantage of victory, by sparing women and children and by not cutting down the fruit-trees of that country"—St. Thomas Aquinas, *Summa Theologica,* Question 105, Article 3).

America is illiterate as to history—even the dying Emperor Augustus warned that the Roman Empire be kept within bounds. But the American Empire pursues its brutal colonial war in Southeast Asia for which Calley, during his plea for clemency, inadvertently provided an epitaph:

"They (the American military) didn't give it (the enemy) a race. They didn't give it a sex. They didn't give it an age. They never let me believe it was just a philosophy in a man's mind." And Calley said he could only conclude, therefore, that the women and children of Mylai "were all enemies."

WES BARTHELMES, *formerly of the* Worcester Telegram *and the* Washington Post, *is Administrative Assistant to Senator Frank Church of Idaho. He has written previously in these pages.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WINDS FROM THE EAST

Youth and counter-cults

JACOB NEEDLEMAN

Several serious thinkers have recently attempted to understand the new religious mind of young America, and I think what is most instructive about these efforts is the way they have failed. One must hasten to add that the problem is formidably difficult. The turning of our young people to mysticism and Eastern religion is a phenomenon so various and pervasive, and seems to touch on so many sides of the present crisis of civilization, that one may well despair of grasping its true significance. How much is only the flash of youthful rebellion? the love of anything alien at a moment in time when familiar values are drained of their energy? And how many among us are able to distinguish between the real content of these new teachings and what seems to be the extravagance of their followers? We may have one or two thoughts about Zen, for example, but what or who is Meher Baba, Subud, Krishnamurti, Vajrayana Buddhism or Sufism? Are we obliged to try to understand these teachings at their source, or is it enough to pass judgment on the young people who proclaim them?

In a recent article in *The Saturday Review of Literature,* Marcia Cavell, a professor of philosophy at NYU, wove her case against the new religions around the pronouncements of Charles Manson.

> Guilt, as Manson says, is a figment of the imagination. One remembers that Satan's greatest snare has always been the promise of . . . "paradise now." A lesson to be learned from the Manson cult, I think, is that dreams of heaven often pave the road to hell.

Elsewhere in her article, she admits that her judgments about Eastern religion are those of a superficial observer, but the clear implication is that one does not need to be more than superficial about Eastern teachings to see where they are leading the young.

This is the problem for many of us. It is hard to resist lumping the younger generation's enthusiasm about Oriental religion together with drug abuse, occultism and witchcraft with all of its often childish, bizarre or even heinous applications. John Passmore, another philosopher, writing in *Encounter,* sees this "new mysticism" as little more than a puerile urge for instant gratification and feels no need to cite any writer more penetrating than Timothy Leary. "Zen Buddhism," Passmore claims, "positively prides itself on its moral and political irresponsibility." With that, he hastens to remind us that various Nazis also found their inspiration in "mysticism," and then he notes that

> Contemporary hippy-mystics are often convinced that they are the recipients of a special divine grace. They display that fanaticism, "aristocratic" pride and antinomianism which Wesley so feared, setting themselves above all kinds of moral restraint.

At the other extreme, Charles A. Reich in *The Greening of America* sees this new "consciousness" as the great hope for America and the whole Western world. It offers, he says, "the sensual beauty of a creative, loving unrepressed life." Unlike Christianity, which, according to Reich, has become just another form of future-oriented repression, the ideals of the young are read as a force for a complete and immediate transformation.

Only Theodore Roszak, in *The Making of a Counter Culture,* strikes for a sense of discrimination between the counterfeit answers and real questions that this movement of the young brings to us. It is certainly no criticism of Roszak to say that his approach remains bound to Western psychological and sociological categories; it is his notable achievement to have stayed within those categories and yet to have communicated through them a hard sense of the religious that is new to modern man. But even Roszak leaves us with the understanding that the value of the "mystical" lies in its power to satisfy certain ordinary desires of men.

None of these writers ever seriously questions his own understanding of the nature and function of religious training. Yet to provoke such questioning can be the most immediately significant result of the so-called "spiritual revolution." Without this self-questioning, we shall continue to be so fascinated by passing judgment on the young that we may never see the real meaning of what these new teachings can bring us.

In my opinion—and space does not permit me to offer a thorough justification of it—even the harshest critics of our young "mystics" fail to see how enormous is the gap between the practice of a spiritual discipline and the religious activities of these young people. Because they—because we—do not see this gap, because we habitually underestimate the depth of real religious practice and the quality of human effort which it de-

---

JACOB NEEDLEMAN *is the author of the recently published* The New Religions *(Doubleday).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mands, we are blind to the positive value which this movement may possess. This value may be nothing at all like what its young proponents imagine it is; it may be infinitesmal compared to what they claim for themselves. Yet, for all that, it may be real—very small, but real. Does our way of life have even that these days?

New Dimensions

In writing my book, *The New Religions*, I came to the conclusion that these Eastern teachings have brought a new dimension of urgency to our whole society's inability to grasp the purpose of work in the growth and transformation of man. I also tried to show that the Eastern teachings, in reviving the ideas of religious *discipline*, may bring back the sense of the gradations of religious life. For while the all-or-nothing principle of faith communicates the ever-present exigency of the search for God, the equally important principles of compassion (in Buddhism) and catholicity (in Christianity) recognize the great forces of resistance that operate upon man in this search.

Here I can list only one or two other conclusions which my study brought home to me about the future importance of this phenomenon:

—The revitalization of the idea that in a spiritual discipline what we call moral rules are really instruments for the production of certain experiences which make the seeker directly aware of the need for transcendent inner help in the governance of his life. Thus, the external *Thou Shalt* may be organically displaced by an internal understanding of the *reasons* for "sanity" and "balance" in life.

—The Eastern cosmic scheme brings back the idea of *levels* of intelligence and consciousness in the universe. And since man in this scheme is an image of the universe, a real basis is provided for us to ask: at what level of consciousness do *I* exist? and: at what level of consciousness *may* I exist? This then leads to the idea of inner evolution as a result of spiritual work.

These are only a few of the ways these new religions may alter our thinking about man in the universe. The point I wish to make now is one that is only implicit in my book, but which seems to need explicit formulation if we are to understand the value of our young people's new religiosity.

What I am going to suggest may sound very odd to all parties concerned, but it seems to me that the great value of this new "religiosity" is that through it our young people are able to *entertain great ideas*. Surely one aspect of our present crisis as a civilization is that the transcendent ideas which once defined our lives have grown small in our minds. They have become choked and stunted by subjective opinion, interpretation and an impatience to "test" every idea by instantly applying it to solve the overwhelming external problems of human society. Thus we have converted the great ideas of our civliization into mere ideals, which is to say that we no longer know how to take the time to understand ideas before hastily acting upon them.

We no longer believe in the value of merely entertaining ideas, of living with them without expecting anything of them. I think this prevents them from becoming a real force in our lives, something that could help to shape our aims for ourselves and for society. In any event, it is obvious that the followers of the great religious paths come to these paths with more intense an aim than most of us have, whether we are young or old.

A spiritual path thus requires a certain preparation of the mind. I do not think we have that preparation, and neither do our young people. Yet this explosion of interest in the mystical may for many be the first step in such preparation. If so, it is surely mistaken of us either to condemn it by likening it to some of the ways we ourselves have misused religious ideas or naively to extol it by putting it in a class with the great spiritual paths of mankind.

I recently saw the preliminary rushes of a film being produced in California which deals with this whole phenomenon. The makers of the film took their cameras to these groups and teachers without any pretense of judging their authenticity, and a very broad spectrum is thereby revealed: from the silence and seriousness of the young Zen Buddhists in their California monastery

to the glazed eyes and dreamy smiles of naked men and women being led in meditation by a man who calls himself a Sufi master. I had previously witnessed much of this first-hand during the writing of my own book, but what made the evening so instructive was that the film-makers had also gone to India to interview some religious leaders. Sandwiched amid all that footage of gurus speaking about "oneness with God" were a few brief frames taken inside some temple of a gaunt *fakir*, his emaciated arms twisted behind him, his legs folded beneath him, his tongue stretched out and down its full length, and his wide-open eyes staring unblinkingly into the brilliant mercury lamp. He did not move a muscle, and one knew he had kept that posture for longer than one would dare imagine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the educated Westerner, this fakir would epitomize much that is hateful about religion: the apparent denial of the body, the violence to natural impulses, the withdrawal from life and men. Yet judge it as one may, one instantly recognized *effort*. He was on a *path*, demanding of him a scale of effort which must strike us as staggering. And we must assume that a comparable quality of effort is one way or another required by all psychospiritual disciplines, whether it be in the obedience of a Christian monk, the Herculean pondering of a *jnana-yogi*, or in the transcendent flexibility of a Sufi searching for a new consciousness in the midst of the pulls and shocks of ordinary life.

Opening Their Minds

The contrast is unmistakable between the rigors of a *path* and the activity of our young people. But having sensed even a little of this contrast, we can be freer in our minds to allow them their attraction to the religions of the East, and see it, in part, as a process of opening their minds to new ideas. When we see a group of beardless youths robed in yellow, tendering alms-bowls and chanting "Hare Krishna" along Fifth Avenue, need we assume that they are either following or degrading the path of *bhakti-yoga*, a discipline that demands a lifelong struggle against all the powerful emotions that scatter our lives into a thousand pieces? May we not rather see them, some of them at any rate, as *entertaining* the idea of service as a method of psychological change? They may strike us as absurd or offensive—perhaps because we feel they are only playing at being monks. But what if most of them are only playing? How much of the sorrow of our civilization is due to the fact that *we* do not entertain ideas before acting on them—persuading, institutionalizing, making war in their name?

The phenomenon of "the new religions" therefore points to a flaw in our society of which we may have been unaware: namely, that we lack a means by which new thought can enter into our lives without inner or outer violence. We are unaware of it, because we do not believe it even to be possible. We look for ideas to come at us with proofs, arguments and, above all, with clear prescriptions for action. We seek to be persuaded, compelled or even seduced by ideas: witness our forms of art, our methods of philosophy and the manner in which we have tied scientific speculation to technology. But perhaps it is impossible for transcendent ideas—ideas that come from a more fundamental level of intelligence—to take root in this way.

The new religions, being a call to direct experience, nevertheless compel us to think in a new way about our situation in the universe; warning us against mere thought, they stir our thought. And it is very interesting how thought that has been shaken is no longer "mere" thought, how the shocked intellect is no longer the isolated intellect. I think it can be said that a religion which does not astonish the mind cannot change human life. Conversely, a mind which is insulated against shocks cannot understand the sense of religion. We have grown so accustomed to denigrating religion because of its sentimentality or its comforting fables that we are somewhat at a loss when a religion comes along which has none of these aspects.

So, while admitting the possibility that our young "mystics" are deceiving themselves, admitting that they may often confuse intense experience (whether from drugs, radical politics, sex, or something else) with psychological growth, admitting even that none of them may be able to assimilate the teachings of a few truly extraordinary spiritual masters who have come to the West—admitting all this as possibly true, the outstanding question remains whether we who may not be drawn to these new religions are necessarily more intelligent than these young people. By "intelligence" I mean: the ability to place onself in the face of great ideas which surpass our understanding, but which demand our best thought.

GERM OF AN IDEA

THE SCREEN

Universal Pictures isn't the only market in which Michael Crichton might have peddled *The Andromeda Strain*, nor are movie producers the only people who like to see a promising "scenario." That term is also applied to fantasies like Crichton's at the RAND Corporation, the Hudson Institute and our other military think tanks. Crichton has just been too shrewd to cast his lot with the boys who play Armageddon chess. He's realized that the work for which they pay mere thousands can be sold to the public for millions. Thus it has come to pass that a "scenario" which might have been commissioned by Herman Kahn, the man who wrote *On Thermonuclear War*, has instead been made into a movie by Robert Wise, the man who directed *The Sound of Music*. There's obviously some significance in this turn of events, but I think I'd rather not try to figure out what it is.

The scenario's premise is a biological crisis caused by a satellite (one of ours) that kills almost everybody in the Nevada town where it lands. A team of scientists on call for such emergencies retrieves the satellite along with the town's only survivors—on old man who drinks sterno and an infant—and all disappear underground in a government facility called "Project Wildfire." There the team will solve the satellite's puzzle and save the world, which, indeed, they do. Our Hero in this effort is Dr.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mark Hall (James Olson). He's the team member who puts two and two together and gets the logarithmic function of H over T to the nth power, thus discovering what the baby and the old man have in common. Dr. Hall is also the first to realize that the virulence of the "Andromeda" strain is its ability—just like the Angels in *Paradise Lost*— to convert matter directly and wastelessly into energy.

Hall is the key man in both the movie and the book. He's the man that fits the hypothesis that assigns the key that disarms the bomb that blows up the Project—in case of biological contamination, that is. And if you can't absorb information fast enough to follow that sentence, you may as well give up now. Don't feel bad, though: Robert Wise couldn't quite absorb the linear input from the novel either. His final cut suggests that whenever he couldn't make sense of the scientific detective story in the book, he threw into the film whatever looked nice to him in his rushes. A plane-crash episode has been included in the film, for instance, even though the book's neat explanation of its relevance hasn't. I don't think Wise really understood what its relevance was.

Like the book, the film was designed—or rather, programmed—to tickle us with a mild case of future shock. But we could get a more severe and unpleasant case from the programming itself. It's doubtful that the future of the world is previewed in Crichton's story, but the immediate future of popular literature—in both novel and script forms—probably is previewed in the way he wrote his story. It's been apparent all along, I suppose, that the most dismal prospect for the imagination was not computers that would write novels like men. It was men who would write novels like computers. Crichton is a new man of this new age. O brave new world, that has such people in't.

* * *

That hypothesis that assigns the key that disarms the bomb, etc. is called the "odd-man hypothesis." Dr. Hall is given control over auto-destruct procedures on the theory that the odd man—Hall is Wildfire's only bachelor —will make the most disinterested and responsible decision. Of course Hall proves the odd man in other ways too, not only by coming up with the right scientific answers, but by being the only mere M.D. on a team of highly specialized researchers. (One suspects Hall is based on Michael Crichton's conception of Michael Crichton, who's also a mere M.D.) Almost all science fiction works, at least implicitly, on an odd-man hypothesis: George Lucas' first feature film, *THX 1138*, is another example.

The odd man in Lucas' film is THX 1138 himself (Robert Duvall), affectionately called "THX" by his computer-assigned roommate LUH (Magie McOmie). THX commits "drug violations"—i.e., he doesn't take his drugs—and engages in illegal sexual activity—i.e., he does make love to LUH. For these crimes he is sen-

Summer Sessions

INSTITUTE ON SACRED SCRIPTURE

Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. 20007. June 14-18. Fifteen lectures, four panel discussions. The lecturers and their topics are: Schuyler Brown, S.J., "The Resurrection of Jesus in the New Testament"; Joseph A. Fitzmyer, S.J., "Dead Sea Scrolls and the New Testament"; Roland E. Murphy, O. Carm., "The Wisdom of Israel." *Inquire:* Director.

GRADUATE STUDIES IN THEOLOGY

Aquinas Institute of Theology, 2570 Asbury Street, Dubuque, Ia. 52001. June 21-July 9 and July 19-30. Two courses open to students enrolling with Aquinas Institute of Theology, Dubuque Theological Seminary, Wartburg Theological Seminary, or the School of Religion of the University of Iowa. *Inquire:* Registrar.

THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

St. Norbert College, West De Pere, Wis. 54178. June 21-July 9 and July 12-30. Guest Lecturers: Roger Ortmayer, National Council of Churches; Sister Andrene Foley, Boston City Hospital; Bernard Cooke, University of Windsor, Ontario, plus visiting faculty. For priests, religious and laymen. *Inquire:* Director.

DEPARTMENT OF THEOLOGY

University of Windsor, Windsor, Ontario, Canada. July 5-August 14. Staff includes: Roy Amore, Bernard Cooke, Edward Crowley, Hans Hillerbrand, John Hoffman, Thomas Kelly, Norman King, Vernon McEachern, Martin Rumscheidt, Samuel Sandmel. *Inquire:* Registrar.

INSTITUTE FOR EASTERN CHRISTIAN STUDIES

Fordham University, Bronx, N.Y. 10458. July 6-Augsut 14. Faculty: Robert Barr, S.J., St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N.H.; Victor J. Pospishil, Manhattan College; Robert Taft, S.J., Pontifical Oriental Institute, Rome; George A. Maloney, S.J., Fordham University; Thomas E. Bird, Queen's College; Wilhelm DeVries, S.J., Pontifical Oriental Institute, Rome; Juan Mateos, S.J., Pontifical Oriental Institute, Rome. *Inquire:* Director of the Institute.

INSTITUTE ON SACRED SCRIPTURE

College Misericordia, Dallas, Pa. 18612. August 17-21. For sisters, priests, brothers, laymen. Professors: Roland E. Murphy, O. Carm.; Joseph A. Fitzmyer, S.J.; Eugene Maly. Tuition $100, includes room, board and attendance. *Inquire:* Director.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tenced to a penal colony. But he soon escapes, providing us with the film's climax and its most spectacular episode: a chase in which THX's turbine car is pursued by stainless-steel cops on turbine motorcycles. Because of this and a few other scenes, *THX 1138* is technically, if not technologically, more advanced than *The Andromeda Strain*. Lucas' use of sound is especially inventive in making us sense the mechanical violence and squeaky-clean sterility of the future in which THX lives.

Everyone in this remote future lives in an underground city and lives by the computer. The humanoids are born in a lab just as the robots are born in the factory where THX works. The society the film foresees is one in which all men are catalogued and classified from birth. The robots become the cops. The black humanoids exist solely for the viewing pleasure of the whites, who see them on 3-D TV but do not otherwise come into contact with them. And so forth. Unlike *The Andromeda Strain, THX 1138* intends to give us a severe case of future shock. But like *The Andromeda Strain*'s, this film's preview of things to come seems most convincing in completely inadvertent ways. We get the feeling that the inside of Lucas' head is overtaking the future he envisions almost as fast as those automated cops are closing in on THX.

In his dual capacity of scriptwriter and director, Lucas pigeonholes his characters even more facilely than the computers do. For instance, there's a homosexual (Donald Pleasence) whom THX tries to take along on his escape. But he turns out to be, presumably because he's homosexual, a stereotype of the weasel who would rather finagle within the system and lacks THX's courage to rebel against it. Even Lucas' conception of the odd-man hypothesis seems arbitrary. THX defies his calculated fate with no more motive or conviction than the cops have when they do their duty. Insufficient emotional data make it hard for us to attach much significance to *THX*'s rebellion. At the end of the film, Lucas tries to move us with THX's emergence from underground, but this seems a gratuitous gesture. For both the cops and us, THX is nothing more momentous than a cost overrun: we can only assume the computer has already taken such marginal errors into account.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

BOOKS

Luther on the barricades; Erasmus up against the wall

Luther: His Life and Times
RICHARD FRIEDENTHAL
Harcourt, Brace, $9.50

Erasmus
GEORGE FALUDY
Stein and Day, $10

JOHN RATTE

For their own and for suceeding generations experiencing religious or political crisis Erasmus and Luther have served as compelling models for attitude and action. In the worst days of the Cold War the English historian H. R. Trevor-Roper pointed to Erasmus as a paradigm for European intellectuals seeking to see themselves and their continent as a third force resisting Russian East and American West. The plea recalled the wish of Oecolampadius, student of Erasmus but partisan of Luther. When Erasmus asked if he intended to teach "Lutheran rather than Catholic theology in the university," he replied. "By no means, we want neither the Catholic nor the Lutheran Church. We want a third one."

A third church has not yet emerged. Opinions differ, in Europe and in the "Third World," as to whether or not there now exists a political and social vision which can serve as an alternative or at least as a control—to the Cold War monoliths. As we read these sobering surveys of the life and times of the two most famous writers of their day, our attention is drawn to the divisions within contemporary and 16th-century religious and political cultures. Lenin's revolution, like Luther's, has dissolved into warring sects each claiming the founder's name. Ecumenism is overshadowed by infighting among Catholic and Lutherans in the apparently endless struggle between tradition and modernity. In a way no European observer of the 1950's could have imagined, the American ideological consensus has come apart at the seams, probably not to be stitched up again until widespread social transformation follows the end of the Vietnam war. Old left and new left spar in New York; in Holland and Rome the great progressive figures of inter-war Catholic theology suddenly seem like tired defenders of *Romanità* as the theologians called "younger" in the days of Vatican II plunge beyond the Christian-Marxist dialogue towards what Ton Veerkamp calls "the destruction of the temple." It is a Luther moment. Erasmians are on the retreat to shouts of "up against the wall, humanists." Licking their wounds they puzzle over the meaning of an historical moment in which they hear themselves called Fascist pigs by their students while the Army prepares the tapes which will document their role as Communist dupes.

The pathos of Richard Friedenthal's Luther is that within the world of the reform he initiated, he was forced to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

play both Luther and Erasmus. He was Luther in his confidence in the Word of God, struggling with the devil, emerging in October 1517 "from the timelessness of his cell to enter history," the "paltry little friar," the "presumptuous monk" who pulled down the prestige of the Renaissance papacy with his pen as effectively as the Spanish soldiers sacked Rome in 1527. But he was a kind of Erasmus—admittedly an intolerant version of the pacific scholar—when it came to the theological excesses of Zwingli, the social excesses of the peasants and petty knights who led them. When Luther returned to Wittenburg from his exile in the Wartburg tower where, disguised as "junker Jorg" he had translated the New Testament into vigorous German in ten weeks, he found Karlstadt, a latter day faculty enthusiast of the exploding classroom, announcing that theology and philosophy and lectures and exams were of no use. The thing to do was to follow the Bible and get out on the soil. In a tense week of low-keyed sermons Martin, once again wearing his tattered Augustinian habit, brought students back to the university and out of the streets. The town fathers rewarded him with a new habit.

As Friedenthal portrays them, Luther's later years were a decline. He endorses Dollinger's opinion: Luther has been able to create a new faith, but unable to found a new church. In the strength of his mind and faith, Luther could sustain freedom to hear the Word as the only ecclesiology needed. But knights and peasants—and dukes and electors, too—wanted to be told what to do now that they had abandoned Pope and curia, Gratian's decretals and Tetzel's indulgences.

For Friedenthal, the history of Luther's influence is not found in the creation of a Lutheran church but in "the political, spiritual, and intellectual history of the succeeding centuries." Wittenberg fell to the Catholic emperor Charles V a year after Luther's death. But: "the fight went on. . . . It is not over yet." What is the fight all about? In a few passages Friedenthal implies that it is the fight of the individual against the system—be it medieval papacy, decaying empire, emerging nation-state, or modern "binding authoritarian doctrines, with new forms of excommunication, punishment and trials of heretics." The most eloquent moment in this massive, well-written and well-translated book comes when he muses on the screams of all those, unnamed and unnumbered, who died on the rack and at the stake in Luther's century—and after.

The great virtue of the book is the panorama: Luther in his times. Good use is made of the idea of a "clerical proletariat" as the context in which Luther's early career must be understood, and the later stages of the reform and of Rome's intransigence are set against a parallel notion, that of the real contempt in which the clerical world held the laity. Friedenthal brings to life the economic chaos, political fractionalization, and psychological uncertainty of the German and imperial world. He rejects any temptation to psychologize: what has been a gold mine to Catholic polemicists and modern psychologists from P. Smith to Erik Erikson is for him simple evidence of a strong man and a vigorous language finding each other. The essence of the Luther he paints is the man who believed that the very worst temptation was not to be tempted at all.

Luther was a humanist as well as reformer. Had he not known that the Greek original of the Vulgate's *poenitentia* was *metanoia*—change of heart, "by faith alone," not repentence in a clerical system of sacraments and payments—he could not have "unlocked the kingdom of heaven." But for Luther good letters was the means to a single end: the Word of God. For Erasmus, *bonae litterae* were to move forward on several fronts. In his genial, understated, diligent and unspectacular book—Erasmus, and the explication of his works take precedence here over the panorama—Faludy follows major themes in the Rotterdammer's work: his undying opposition to scholasticism and bad prose; his tolerance in an age which did not see tolerance as a virtue, his concern for education, his optimism. Above all, his sense of balance.

"This is apparently the law of human progress," he wrote, "that upon attaining a certain point in its course a movement only escapes detrimental exaggeration by recoiling in the opposite direction." But balance was not wanted.

Erasmus, like Luther, had his moment of hope. 1509 is discussed by the great Erasmus scholar Renaudet as one of the great turning points that didn't turn. Erasmus was in Rome; he knew personally everyone who would be pope in his time save one. His works, and the gentle form of theology and life implicit in them, were admired by half the curia. Had he turned down Colet's invitation to come to England and stayed in Rome, the zeal of young Martin would have been turned to the reform "in root and branch" which never came. What would the modern world be like had there been no Reformation? The mind, as they say, boggles.

Faludy's tone is tender and elegiac. "It is not surprising then that there was passionate and general interest in the classics—and not surprising that this is difficult to understand in our own century, which has witnessed a lessening of interest in those things which constitute the basis of our civilization." There is a similar, though less clearly stated note in Friedenthal's *Luther*.

The drama of the two men, immense in their day, subdued in these books, was most intense in the year 1525. Stung by the orthodox to action, disturbed by Luther's fanaticism, Erasmus published his essay *On Free Will*: Luther replied with *The Will in Bondage*. Erasmus was, in the terms of the day, "semi-Pelagian." But mainly he was a skeptic. He feared scandalizing the masses and he believed that "in sacred literature there are certain sanctuaries into which God wills that we shall not penetrate further." Humanism demanded free will; his optimism demanded it; one might say Erasmus's entire career, from anonymity in a poor priest's family to fame and wealth as the uncrowned emperor of European letters demanded it.

Luther replied: man is a saddle horse, mounted by God—or by the devil. "God's hatred of man is not only hatred

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the shortcomings of free will, but a hatred which existed even before the creation of the world."

Erasmus argued from authorities, Luther from his own experience of wrestling with the devil. Erasmus wanted peace and quiet (in his own word, the debate was "tragic"), but Luther damned peace and quiet and quoted the words he had spoken to the emperor at Worms: "I came not to bring peace, but a sword."

Luther called Erasmus "a snake . . . a piece of filth," and then wrote asking for his friendship. Erasmus refused.

Their war of words and ideas was now overwhelmed by the wars of princes and merchants. Each died ill and disillusioned. If their confrontation lives beyond the pages of these good books which their authors have set sail on a sea blown by the winds of mass media and diminishing historical sensibility, it is as a confrontation not of theology but of temperaments. I admire Luther's vision of faith and the Word: but echo Georges Duhamel's cry in 1936: *Maître Erasme, Priez pour nous!*

Nixon Agonistes

GARRY WILLS

Houghton Mifflin, $10

WILSON CAREY McWILLIAMS

Few men have understood Richard Nixon as well as Garry Wills. Any reader will begin to grasp the President's desperate and pathetic need for affection and admiration. He will recognize, too, the conviction that the only way to win love is to work hard, to be strong and to succeed in a world where the weak are forgotten and treated with contempt. Wills makes it impossible not to hear, in the portentous rhetoric of the President, the anxious wheedling of the perpetual child. Nixon's famed "trickiness," wrong at one level—Wills makes it impossible ever to see the President as Machiavel—is right at another; the man's whole life is a trick played on us and on himself, the aggressive Congressman or the measured President being only preposterous Halloween masks hiding the boy who wanted to be loved.

But whether Nixon is, as Wills proclaims, the "last liberal," is open to question. He does represent an older liberalism which had merged with Protestant moralism, a creed never quite serious, based on small towns where individualism was muted by stable social relations and personal warmth. Obviously, that doctrine is dying with the world that created it. Liberalism, however, survives; the new liberalism is slick and urban, adapted to the world of planning and change. It has cast all moral principles overboard as impediments, save for the basic premises of confidence in technology and devotion to private liberty, and the compassion it has allowed itself to confuse with love.

Wills' assault on the older creed is as redundant as H. L. Mencken's attacks on the "boobus Americanus," and it is no accident that Mencken is one of Wills' heroes. Wills' style is redolent with the literary elitism of the '20s, caricaturing the "mass man" in ways that are often delightful and always well-written. But like Mencken, Wills is a bit too assertive; one always feels that his caperings over a fallen enemy are only a performance aimed at the upper middle-class intelligentsia. Self-contemptuous, that class is always desirous of projecting its doubts onto the masses; feeling superior to *them* serves to shore up the uncertainties of the self. *Nixon Agonistes* is less an analysis of the "last liberals" than an expression of the creed of the new.

Wills' diagnoses of American politics are often brilliant. He is certainly right that in the TV debates of 1960, Jack Kennedy was far trickier and demagogic than Richard Nixon. His description of Eisenhower as a political virtuoso with a sure instinct for power, one who never forgave Nixon for forcing his hand in 1952, is equally compelling.

But at critical points, Wills is disastrously wrong. Since November, few would argue as Wills does that Nixon really reflects a "silent majority." It is more evident now that Nixon's "coalition" was artificial at best, a union of elements which hated each other, and probably was always something of a myth, the result of Dick Nixon's need to believe that somebody out there loved him. A moment's reflection should have told Wills that what the Republican liberals met on the "streets of Miami" in 1968 was not "the American people." It was the Republican Party. And whatever the G.O.P. means to Wills, the record of the last forty years suggests that Republican opinion is not an infallible guide to American public sentiment.

Wills' attacks on established social scientists like Arthur Schlesinger and James M. Burns are among the best parts of his book. His own ideas, however, are drawn directly from the theory which informed the social science of the '50s. It is a theory which regards the masses as turbulent and irrational; Wills cites approvingly the late Richard Hofstadter's thesis that a "paranoid style" is an important factor in American politics. It also distrusts "idealism," preferring the "realism" of practical men and valuing stability over the risks of change. Hence Wills' praise for the calming inaction of the Eisenhower years, oblivious—or so it would seem—to the fact that the problems Eisenhower ignored only festered into the gangrenous disorders and injustices of our own times.

Almost every event of the last few years has damaged that theory, and it is unfortunate that Wills clings to it. The masses in America are rather better

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

REVIEWERS

JOHN RATTE teaches in the Department of History at Amherst College.

WILSON C. MC WILLIAMS, author of the forthcoming *The Idea of Fraternity in American Politics*, teaches political science at Livingston College, Rutgers.

EUGENE FONTINELL is the author of *Toward a Reconstruction of Religion* (Doubleday).

RONALD CHRIST teaches in the English Department at Livingston College, Rutgers.

STU COHEN, a sociologist and free-lance photographer, is with the Center for Criminal Justice at Boston University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than his doctrine suggests, but in modern America, they must follow where others lead. The theory which Wills adopts is a rationalization for the failure to lead, the sad excuse of men who claim that the public allowed them to do no better. It provides only a justification for drift and for "taking care of number one"; it is a liberal doctrine which reveals how cunning are the ways in which intellectual America can manufacture support for its liberal heritage. The people, as Wills knows, deserve better than liberalism from their leaders. I hope that Wills, in the future, will turn his attention to that task rather than voicing the latest form of that protean creed. The man who can write a book as valuable as *Nixon Agonistes* is too important to waste on lesser work.

Quattlebaum's Truth

MARK GROSS

Harper & Row, $4.95

EUGENE FONTINELL

A successful introduction to philosophy should engage the reader in a particular question, make him aware of its importance, acquaint him with some of the basic responses to this question and, most importantly, leave the reader eager to pursue the question further both through his own reflections and dialogue with others. Evaluated on the basis of such criteria, *Quattlebaum's Truth* scores very high. Through the soliloquies of Mr. Q. and delightful conversations with his wife and two friends, we are presented with a beautifully orchestrated reprise of classical and contemporary controversies relating to the question, "What is truth?"

A good introduction to philosophy is at the same time "philosophy," and hence the work under consideration merits response in philosophical terms. The "truth" which Mr. Q. finally affirms does not turn out to be anything new. Indeed, he lists almost a hundred thinkers from Thales to Lonergan who over the last 2600 years have championed some aspect of his position. Mr. Q. enthusiastically associates himself with the long and honorable philosophical tradition of rationalism—more specifically, as this tradition is expressed in Absolute Idealism. Hence, reality for Mr. Q. is ultimately constituted of concepts—"a single, conscious continuum of mental concepts—interrelated, in countless sub-contexts within the master context, by logical necessities both determining and determined by the logical necessity of the whole." A coherence theory of truth inevitably follows from such a world view and Mr. Q. "cries out clear and loud for the testing of the truth of every proposition by its coherence with *total* human knowledge."

Quattlebaum's Truth might appropriately be subtitled: "I was only searching for truth but I found god." On second thought, this might be misleading, since the prime motive for his truth-quest was to determine whether he could discover a god by the use of his reason rather than by some blind, irrational leap of faith. "Can we really revere or love or serve or adore something we can't define?" Mr. Q.'s response is a resounding, NO! The "inescapably *real* god," which Mr. Q. finds turns out to be that single mind, that conscious field, that totality of concepts within which all other partial minds "live and move and have their being." In short, "god *is* the universe" and "we are *parts* of god." If this is pantheism, it is so only "in a most unconventional sense." Mr. Q. believes that his identification of god with the universe differs from the view condemned by Pius IX inasmuch as "he (Pius IX) assumed a changeable universe, which I cannot; I find change only in our necessarily partial *glimpses* of a universe which, in its entirety, I find as necessarily unchangeable as he believed god to be, and as I too believe god to be."

Unlike so many who share Mr. Q.'s conclusions, he avoids any closed-minded claim to infallibility or absolute certainty. He concedes that "even logical coherence itself must remain an only tentatively true test of truth." It is the combination of serious commitment and

UNICEF saves lives in Latin America and Africa

These two smiling Paraguayan boys are on their way to recovery from leprosy, thanks to drugs supplied by the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF). Their sister (right) is healthy. UNICEF aid has dramatically reduced the incidence of leprosy in Paraguay, where one in every 400 children suffered from the dread disease a decade ago.

In Zambia's Luapula Province, this baby is thriving on protein-fortified porridge provided by UNICEF, the United Nations Children's Fund. Until UNICEF helped Zambia establish "under five" clinics to improve nutrition, four of every 10 children of this Central African nation died of malnutrition.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

open-mindedness that encourages me to pose some objections—objections which, admittedly, reflect my own very different worldview.

If one agrees with William James, as I do, that "life exceeds logic," then one will be less satisfied than Mr. Q. is with the coherence theory of truth. This is not to say that one then opts for incoherence. Rather, it is to question whether the evidence now compels us to conclude that reality is already *completely* coherent.

I would suggest that while reality is becoming increasingly coherent—cohering—it is not already and eternally coherent. Such an hypothesis might account for the degree of necessity and order which is so important to Mr. Q. and without which science and everyday living would be impossible. At the same time, however, it avoids locking us into an already finished world in which our activity is restricted to mirroring the eternal structure of reality. Further, it takes account of chance, allows for that novelty which adds zest to human life and serves as a stimulus to a creativity which is more than mere imitation. Finally, this processive metaphor, while making no pretense of solving the problem of evil, avoids what has always been the "Achilles heel" of Absolute Idealism—the tendency to transform evil into an illusion which is overcome by grasping the larger context. (Mr. Q. comes perilously close to this when he states that "within this one and only completely ordered totality, or god, there can be no wrong or sin.")

In a radically processive world, the reality and mystery of evil is acknowledged in such a way that it can be struggled against and perhaps—at least so one may hope and believe—eventually overcome. But the only significant "overcoming" will be by means of the creation of a better life and not merely by the creation of a more adequate system of thought. I would argue that my hypothesis is not in the least "irrational" in the sense of downgrading or eschewing the most rigorous forms of thought. On the contrary, only by continually refining our thought processes do we have a chance of transforming that reality which constitutes our very being.

There is one other basic objection which I have to Mr. Q.'s world—it seems singularly devoid of any dimension of mystery. It is quite right, of course, to reject any "mystery" which is mystification, unnecessary obfuscation of experience or an excuse for avoiding difficult thinking. There is, however, the mystery which is reached by the persistent pushing of reason to its limits. Such a process does not surrender reason to unreason but rather is that activity whereby man is kept open to dimensions of reality which go beyond without opposing those activities which we call rational.

Mr. Q. is to be commended for having the courage to swim against the tide of the crude and simplistic anti-intellectualism which characterizes so much of what is "in" at the moment. Still, I believe it crucial that he engage more seriously than be apparently has those thinkers who usually are labelled "existentialists." I would probably share with Mr. Q. a revulsion at the irrationalism manifested in so much of the present counter-culture. (While not making any simple identification between existential philosophy and the counter-culture, I would insist that both are responses to the need that man has for a life richer and more encompassing than that grasped or expressed by "reason.") Both of us, however, had best make sure that our philosophies are not protecting us from the pain and roughness which inevitably accompanies any effort to change the human situation in the concrete and not simply in thought.

Face of North Vietnam

MARC RIBOUD

Holt, Rinehart, $14.95

STU COHEN

We ask a great deal of photojournalists: to inform, to convince, to entertain, to bring excitement to the neatly columned, evenly spaced events of life. If we believe in the art of photography, we ask them to be artists as well—to enlarge our vision of things. And when these qualities can be developed and printed and bound between the endpapers of a book, our expectations are richly (if rarely) rewarded. In the last year a fair number of books have appeared which try to do just that. Marc Riboud's *Face of North Vietnam* is one of the more successful attempts.

Riboud, a Magnum photographer who has worked in Africa and China, has given us an extensive picture of a people at war. Although there is not a single combat photograph in the volume, it is an accurate, disturbing vision of the realities of the Indochina War. Far more accurate than a book like David Douglas Duncan's *War Without Heroes*, which offers nothing but American soldiers. The distinction is this: Duncan's book could be about Korea as easily as Vietnam. It contributes nothing to our knowledge. Riboud, in an age of "people's war," has shown just that. There are two sides to this notion of "people's war." It recognizes the degree to which everyone is in danger: a group of children wandering in front of the lens on their way to school, wearing thick straw "armored" vests for protection against anti-personnel bombs, or a couple sitting on a park bench in Hanoi with one individual bomb shelter yawning open behind them. "People's war" also presupposes the uniting of the people: common effort in the face of common danger. Riboud has captured this as well, particularly in a stunning double-page picture of a large work brigade.

Ribout divides the book into eight sections. Some of these deal with religion, school, the factories, leadership and Hanoi. There is a ninth section containing an excellent text by Phillippe Devillers. As a work of journalism then, the *Face of North Vietnam* is highly successful. However, that only satisfies half of our expectations. What of the photographs as photographs?

There are one hundred and twenty-two photographs in the book. That is a sizable number and it would be absurd to ask that they all be of exceptional quality. It is hard enough to fill a retrospective volume by such stand-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ards. Yet, one comes away from several readings with the impression that a large number of the plates are fine photographs. All of the pictures are informational, but many go beyond that and into the realm where journalism and art coexist as equals. More often than not, these are portraits. No matter what else is going on within the frame, and it is sometimes a great deal, the viewer's eye is caught by one or two faces, and that is the real subject. The *Face of North Vietnam* is to be found in the faces of its people.

There is a curious quality in Riboud's work, a kind of struggle between involvement and disengagement. The incredible feeling of sympathy and emotional participation that we find in the work of Gene Smith or Ben Shahn is absent. However, Riboud has not taken refuge in the cold precise stance of the total observer, who sees all but remains aloof. He has tried to negotiate a middle course; it works much of the time. The section on leadership is interesting in this context. The portraits of Ho Chi Minh, Giap, Pham Van Dong and others are failures: cold, detached, included, one feels, out of necessity. In the same section are a number of pictures revolving around Ho's death; there are far more successful: the artist is there with his subject, no longer merely a voyeur.

The reproduction of the photographs is not up to their quality as images. In large part this seems to be a fault of the original prints, made by Jules Steinmetz in Paris. The reproductions are large, many spread across two pages. They are unbelievably grainy, to no obvious advantage: people's faces should be distinguishable in texture from the stone walls behind them. Dust marks are liberally strewn across the plates and the spotting, when someone has bothered to do so, is among the most inept I've ever seen. The major effect of the spotting has been to exchange unsightly black streaks for unsightly white ones.

In addition to these problems, there are several which appear with distressing regularity in books of photographs. The worst is the inability of designers to perceive that a photograph is a unity, and that separating one part of the frame from the other with the binding destroys that unity. Another bad habit is bleeding photos to the edges of a page. The picture is thus made to serve the design of the book. There should be sufficient respect for photographs such that the book design enhances them rather than reduces them to mere illustrations. Despite that glaring defect in production and design. the pictures in *Face of North Vietnam* provide both information and visual pleasure. And that, after all, is what fine photojournalism is all about.

The Green Pope

MIGUEL ANGEL ASTURIAS

Translated By Gregory Rabassa

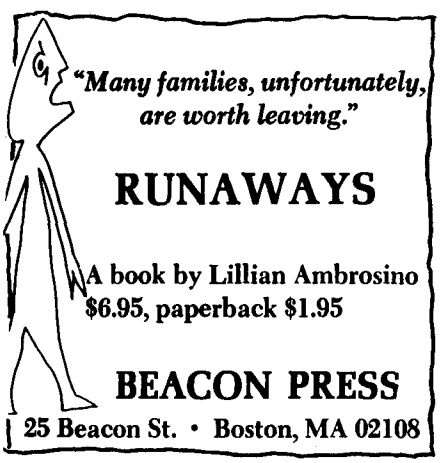
Delacorte, $8.95

RONALD CHRIST

In a remark that will haunt his ghost, Lionel Trilling reportedly said once that he had read Latin American literature but found it only anthropologically valuable. Remarks, of course, are not criticism—certainly not Trilling's at any rate—and whenever the critic made that judgment, it must have been in some year B.B.—before Borges. Nowadays anyone who ignores the aesthetic value of Latin American literature clearly "prefers the outlook of the ostrich," to appropriate a phrase from Emir Rodríquez Monegal, the most distinguished critic of this new writing. Yet one retreats to Trilling's opinion upon encountering the novels of the Nobel Prize author Miguel Angel Asturias: retreats and then surrenders to the view that they are not even of anthropological value.

At least that's the case with the most recently translated of his works, *The Green Pope*, which tells how George Maker Thompson, an American pirate in the Caribbean, gives up the sea in order to establish a banana empire through which he hopes to control all Central America. An imperialist saga—a great American success story seen from the victim's point of view—this novel is gorged with incident, ranging from the symbolic suicide of a native girl Maker loves, to the murder of a man Maker mistakes for an observer sent by the stockholders, to the climactic clash of two rival fruit companies. All of which finally leaves Maker controlling the dominant company—a Green Pope ruling by divine right of the dollar but emotionally paralyzed by his own clutch on the land, the people, his destiny.

Asturias' message is loud and clear,


"Many families, unfortunately, are worth leaving."
RUNAWAYS
A book by Lillian Ambrosino
$6.95, paperback $1.95
BEACON PRESS
25 Beacon St. • Boston, MA 02108

Classified

Biblical Institute

• BIBLICAL INSTITUTE, Trinity College, Burlington, Vermont 05401. June 13-18. Ellis, Quinn, Collins, Mowry, Borowitz. Write: DIRECTOR.

Draft Information

• DRAFT INFORMATION packet. Selective Service forms and five paperbacks, $8.85 postpaid. For draft registrants, $6.95. Purchase orders from libraries, bookstores and institutions, cash from individuals. HODGES PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 293, Watertown, N.Y. 13601.

African Institute

• SUB-SAHARAN AFRICA Summer Institute. 21 June-16 July, 1971. Designed for Christians, religious and lay, who anticipate working in Africa. Details from Dr. Peter Walshe, African Studies, UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556.

Position Open

• CO-ORDINATOR, state college Christian center, live in with two students, salary open. Box 576, New Paltz, N.Y. 12561.

Art

• CARDS DESIGNED BY CORITA KENT and others. Available to shops. Brochure. BOTOLPH, 154 Newbury St., Boston, Mass. 02116.

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion) 50c
Per word, 3 times 48c
Per word, 7 times 45c
Per word, 13 times 42c

Twelve words minimum.

For box numbers at Commonweal add 50c per insertion.

Classified payable with order, monthly in advance for more than 3 times.

Commonweal
232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but self-defeating. Like the movie *Z*, which as E. Rubinstein of Richmond College has pointed out, is counter-revolutionary in its naive, melodramatic inability to see the oppressors as anything but perverted, monomaniacally stupid villains, *The Green Pope* can only caricature the economics it exposes; the novel fails to imagine the complexities—sociological, psychological—that precisely determine the human values—infamous ambition on the one side, pathetic debasement on the other—by which such politics shall be known. As crude cartoon the book has some force, but as sociology, specifically as *anthropology*, the book is valueless.

As literature, it is simply embarrassing. The writing is ignorantly redundant (eyes are "superficial and without depth"), repeatedly miscalculated ("Emporialists instead of imperialists" is described as a "very funny play on words"), frequently flat ("Cold, hunger, and sleepiness were being felt by the passengers"), and meaninglessly, inaccurately flowery ("the immense hot night—the stars bit one's eyes like golden chili powder"). Asturias is a bellows, relentlessly pumping hot air onto small embers; totally uninspired, he continually expires in sentences like the following (which happens to be a perfect emblem of his style and imagination): "The insistence of the wind, of the blowing of the wind, of the blowing and blowing of the wind. . . ."

It's an ill wind, they say, that blows no good; but *Strong Wind*—the first volume in this so-called banana trilogy of which *The Green Pope* is the second and the untranslated *Eyes of the Buried* (*Los ojos de los enterrados*) is the third—*Strong Wind* just blows, leaving its protagonists dead in a hurricane and its readers completely winded. *The Green Pope* even manages to wipe out its translator. No small achievement, because Gregory Rabassa is the indefatigable and masterful renderer of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* and *Hopscotch* into English. But in faithfully presenting Asturias' Spanish, Rabassa commits both simplemindedness ("The blood would not clot. It came out more and more") and illiteracy ("To have in his hand with a marketable value something as liquid as a grip on George Maker Thompson") in passage after passage. Asturias huffs and he puffs, but United Fruit won't be blown down: all that seems to have fallen is one Swedish Academy and one excellent translator.

Never put bananas in the refrigerator, Chiquita used to sing; but that's about as good a place as any for this trilogy.

Change in the Church

IF I COULD MAKE one change in the church, it would be the *full democratization* of the church compatible with its fundamental constitution as Christ established it. Without trying to change the immutable in the church, there is a wide variety of ways in which not only a democratic spirit but also democratic structures can tend towards this *full democratization*. Of course, such a process has to be operative at all levels, be continuous, on-going, and involve as many people as possible. There must be not only structural change but a real effort by all to adapt mentally to new ways. . . .

Democratization would imply, for instance, the celebration of pastoral synods in all nations, or meetings, where all elements in the church (bishops, priests, religious, laity) can talk freely and listen to one another. Such meetings need not be decision-making; they can be consultative. They should be held on local, regional and national levels, and, of course, on an international scale, too. They would be more than priests' and pastoral senates, more than the synod of bishops. In fact, unless there is free and open dialogue on a full, People-of-God level, *democratization* of the church is impossible. . . .

—Bishop Antulio Parrilla-Bonilla
in a Symposium on Change in the Church,
Commonweal, May 1, 1970

The trial coupon, for new subscribers, saves 55% of the single copy price.

17 Issues for $3

COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

Please send the next 17 issues of Commonweal to:

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY, STATE, ZIP .....

☐ I prefer the regular one-year subscription at $12.

4/30/71

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 179)

ment, it was preferable to the concrete alternative which was within the Council's range of possibilities, namely a dogmatic pronouncement on the Pope's Temporal Power.

The discussions which followed Professor Williams' paper were also distinguished in great part by a rigorously

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

critical effort to face up to the problems thrown up by the Vatican papal dogmas. It would be a false impression of the conference if one were to suppose that views like those of Küng and Davis were not aired and given a sympathetic hearing. Nevertheless, there was a surprisingly upbeat character to the proceedings, since several participants could set forth credibly a positive appreciation of the Council as an event in the life of the ecumenical church, based on the insight that faulty or inadequate measures taken by an assembly as significant as Vatican I can nevertheless lead to welcome results, at least in part.

PAUL MISNER
Boston College

WCC "Warlords"

Salem, Mass.

To the Editors: In writing of the approaching Synod of bishops [Mar. 19] Henry ten Kortenaar cites the recent action of the World Council of Churches as an example Catholic bishops should emulate. He then calls upon the bishops to issue a plain indictment of the "genocide" in Portuguese Africa.

I visited Angola, among other African lands, and I keep abreast of the news coming out of Africa as much as I can, and I am quite unaware of any genocide being carried out anywhere in Portuguese Africa. I am aware of the success the Portuguese have had in containing guerrillas in both Angola and Mozambique.

I am also familiar with the decision reached last September by the World Council of Churches to donate $200,000 annually to guerrilla movements in Africa, and I hope the Catholic bishops have the good sense and charity not to emulate the warlords of the Council.

EDWARD D. MCGLYNN

Mr. Perlis Replies

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: I am afraid Russell Gibbons ["Eggheads Under the Hard Hats," Mar. 12] took unusual liberties with my speeches. He quoted me as saying that "When you think of (militants), think of Stalinism, etc." My words are "bitter end revolutionaries" and not "militants." There is a difference. Why Mr. Gibbons should find it necessary to substitute his word for mine is anybody's guess.

I take it that "groovy" and "hunky dory," used in the '60s and '30s, were current jargon to describe "something good and special." And so the anti-Fascist movement of the '30s was hunky dory to some of us, and the peace movement of the '60s was groovy to some of our students. What's wrong with this? Then why does Mr. Gibbons make a big deal of it? But what he really did is use the sentence out of context because, apparently, he wanted to make a point. The sentence, to which I refer, followed this sentence: "The young and the old have always used different words and phrases to describe their feelings, to define their objectives or just to be in."

Mr. Gibbons further states that a student, in Cleveland, declared that "organized labor is not without its own elitism." I was there, and there was no such "rejoinder" to the "Perlis lecture."

LEO PERLIS
Dept. of Community Services
AFL-CIO

A Word for the Bishop

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: In your March 12, 1971 issue, under the heading "News and Views," you refer to a letter sent by Bishop O'Keefe of Davenport, Iowa, concerning subscriptions to the *Catholic Messenger.*

The article gives the impression that Bishop O'Keefe is a hard-nosed authoritarian. Nothing could be further from the truth. His pastoral effort in the Diocese has been outstanding, especially in areas such as racial justice and active concern for migrant workers.

I believe that his letter had as its target diocesan reactionaries who have been attacking all liberal tendencies of the *Catholic Messenger* for many years. I also believe Bishop O'Keefe's insistence that everyone in the Diocese receive (and hopefully read) the *Catholic Messenger* is an effort to build an informed laity capable of making competent judgments on local, national and international issues.

I interpreted his reference to the Dutch Church not slipping under the North Sea if the *Catholic Messenger* failed to report about it as placing primary emphasis on the need for diocesan formation and information. I am sure he would also encourage diocesan readership of publications such as *Commonweal* and the *National Catholic Reporter* as a better means of gaining an international and national perspective on these issues.

That is my personal interpretation of Bishop O'Keefe's motivation based on a close personal working relationship with him and a knowledge of his pastoral approach. I feel it necessary to say that I have never conceived of him as a real or potential member of the fraternity of power-seekers.

I also take this opportunity to commend your editorial staff for its outspoken defense of social justice and insistence that the People of God know and understand their responsibilities in these areas.

LOUIS MICHAEL COLONNESE
Director, Latin American Bureau
United States Catholic Conference

Ali-Frazier: Who Won?

St. Meinrad, Ind.

To the Editors: Re: Maurice Berube's article "The Defeat of the Great Black Hope" (26 March 1971). After reading Berube's article and others like it and gathering up the thoughts of my own black soul, I cannot help but wonder how Frazier must feel, interiorly, as a *black man*—a reality he can never fight his way out of. (And I am not leaving Ali totally immune to my questioning either.)

I only wish we could stop fighting one another and be about the quiet work of nation-building. Baldwin once wrote, "The moment we stop holding each other, the light goes out and the sea engulfs us."

WILLIAM A. JONES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Put us on trial

$5 gets you a subscription to one of these Newsletters (you may even want to try both)

OVERVIEW

A Continuing Survey of Catholic Trends and Opinions

DANIEL FRASNAY

If you're busy, *Overview's* for you. Dan Herr and staff edit this twice monthly Newsletter to answer the need of the busy Catholic who wants to be—or, by reason of his responsible position must be—informed about what is happening in the Church at large and what is likely to happen. *Overview* is designed to keep you up to the minute with its culling of newspapers, magazines and books and its staff reports. The busier you are, the more *Overview* can help.

A Cardinal writes that "as a reader of *Overview*, I wish to thank you for that instrument of communication which brings to one's notice exactly what one wishes to know." And, a high school teacher: "Let me commend you on the fine job done in collecting and presenting material in *Overview*. Unlike so many 'newsletters,' *Overview* is newsy and informative."

Why not try a three-month subscription (or a full year, if you wish). Sent first class on or about the first and fifteen of the month.

OVERVIEW
Thomas More Association/180 N. Wabash/Chicago, Illinois 60601

☐ Please enter my trial subscription to OVERVIEW for 3 months for $5. (Payment must accompany trial subscription.)

☐ Please enter my subscription to OVERVIEW for one year (22 issues) for $16.50*
☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Please bill me. cox

Name_____
Institution_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

CONTEXT

A Commentary on the Interaction of Religion and Culture

A six-page biweekly newsletter written by the eminent Protestant theologian, church historian, author, editor, lecturer, columnist and professor, Dr. Martin E. Marty.

TODD BRENNAN

The National Council of Catholic Men's *Parish Today* says: "*Context* always wins an immediate reading as much, I must admit, for its quirky good humor as for its reportage . . . which is extraordinarily high—of developments in ethical stances, liturgical practices, social concerns, and political actions of the Protestant Churches and the way these relate to various Catholic positions. . . . can be highly recommended for all parish libraries as well as for reading by anyone interested in broadening their awareness of the presence of religion in American culture and of the presence and influence of various cultural elements in American religions."

Perhaps now would be the time to try a three-month subscription (or a full year). Sent first class on or about the first and fifteenth of the month.

CONTEXT
Thomas More Association/180 N. Wabash/Chicago, Illinois 60601

☐ Please enter my trial subscription to CONTEXT for 3 months for $5. (Payment must accompany trial subscription.)

☐ Please enter my subscription to CONTEXT for one year (22 issues) for $16.50*
☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Please bill me. cox

Name_____
Institution_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

*Airmail edition outside U.S. and Canada $5 extra per year.

412

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED